

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

A Sad Story Of the Girl Who Hunted

How Florence Elizabeth Sought Each Day For Her Marriage License in the Newspapers Through Many Long Years, and What Happened When It Really Did Appear—A True Tale From Real Life.

FROM the time that I was seventeen until I was thirty, I read the marriage licenses. Every day of my life I got a newspaper and looked through the births, and marriages, and deaths. When people who knew me watched me on the street cars I pretended to be reading the editorials, but when I got home I read the births, and deaths. Especially the marriage licenses. I always had sort of a sneaking hope that some day I would find mine among them. But, although I watched for years, I never found it. Finally, when I was thirty, a man asked me to marry him, and I said yes. Came to me all of a sudden that if I didn't see my license in the paper within the next few years that I might never see it at all. So I accepted the man. And got ready for the wedding. But I didn't forget to look in the paper every day and smile when I read the licenses. Toward the end it was pretty hard to find time to watch for it. I did, however. Until the day before the wedding. It was a church wedding. You know, ushers, and bridesmaids, and relatives, and friends, and clothes, and all of that sort of thing. The second day of the honeymoon I looked in all the papers for my marriage license. But I couldn't find it. And after all those years!

Aunt Enna says that no wonder Florence Elizabeth didn't get married until she was thirty, that any girl who spends her time watching for a marriage license instead of a man stands a mighty good chance of never getting married.

Reading in the Cars. My eyes are so well trained, you see, by reading in the cars. That I can always find my place. No matter how it jars! But even then it's awful mean. When lights go out at night. To have to stop and still just where The hero grabs her light.

Question Box

Times Question Box—Won't you please publish a recipe for making pineapple marmalade?

MRS. COURTNEY.

AFTER you have peeled the fruit and removed the "eyes," weigh it, and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Put the pineapple in small pieces and put it and the sugar in the kettle in alternate layers. Pour in a cup of water to prevent burning and bring slowly to a boil. Boil for twenty minutes and put in jars. Seal immediately.

Times Inquiry Department—Kindly give me some information relative to the Soldiers' Home in Washington. How it is supported and who is eligible?

THE Soldiers' Home is supported from a permanent fund in the Treasury Department, interest of which keeps up the current expenses. This fund was started by General Scott about sixty or seventy years ago with a personal donation of \$100,000 dollars. Until recently every soldier in the regular army paid 12½ cents a month toward the home fund. All fines imposed on soldiers go toward this fund. Any soldier disabled in the line of duty or any soldier who has served twenty years in the regular army is entitled to the home.

Times Pattern Service

TO WIN you, this little frock is introduced with nothing but fabric combination to emphasize its very good lines, but it needs nothing more. You may suit yourself about making it with or without a belt—when employed, it looks best at a lowered waistline; the closing of the frock is conveniently arranged a bit to the left front side.

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The Washington Times guarantees the delivery of all patterns sent through this service. No pattern can be obtained in person. One week is needed for the filling of pattern orders. If patterns do not come within that time notify this office for adjustment.

(SIZE MUST BE PUT ON COUPON)

THE TIMES PATTERN SERVICE

October 5.

Name
No. 866. Street and Number.....
SIZE DESIRED.....City and State

When Household Must Economize

By LAURA CLAWSON.

"I UNDERSTAND that Will Annis has lost his position," said my brother, "politics, of course, but it is going to be hard on his family." The Literary Man and his wife were dining with us, and she said promptly, "If the family really understands what happened, it will not be so hard to adjust matters, if he tells them just how he stands."

"Readjustments are never easy," said the Literary Man. "I will tell you my own experience," she said after a moment, "and why I know that if those Annis girls know just what is expected of them they will help instead of complicating life for their parents."

"I was just ten when our financial crash came, and I remember mother got us into a room and wept and cried over us, and together it must have been frightful for father, who was no more to blame than Mr. Annis is at this moment."

Things Go On As Usual.

"The next day things went on as usual, the same dishes, the same service, the same sense of all our wants being supplied, until we girls thought that mother must have been mistaken. All her remarks were vague. We had been 'ruined financially,' we dimly understood, but still we continued to live as we had before."

"Of course, we demanded the same pretty clothes, the same comforts. There was nothing to make us realize what had happened, until months later father called us together and explained."

"He went into every detail, told us just how much less we had, how little we could expect for the future, spared us none of the details which are usually kept from mere children, for we were then."

Co-operation a Great Help.

"After we had grown and matters had adjusted themselves he told us what our co-operation had meant. Mother and he had disagreed about the wisdom of telling us at the time, but he had stood out for his plan."

"If children know that a change of living standards is necessary, if they are regarded as part and parcel of the household instead of its burdens or its guests, it is wonderful the help they can be."

"The small economies of light and table luxuries and even necessities are rendered less irksome to parents if children do not have to be constantly reminded of them. And so I know the children of a family may make the burden lighter, if they understand what is required of them."

(Copyright, 1916, Laura Clawson.)

RECIPES

Parisian Sweets.

Force through a meat chopper one pound of figs; one pound of dates, and one of English walnuts. On a dredging board with the hands blend these with confectioners' sugar. Roll into a sheet one-quarter inch thick; dredge the board and roller with confectioners' sugar, and cut in squares, dipping them in confectioners' sugar to prevent sticking.

Fruit Punch.

One cup of water, two cups of sugar, two cups of strawberry syrup, juice of five lemons and five oranges, one can of grated pineapple. Make a syrup of boiling water and sugar, add strawberry syrup, lemons and orange juice and pineapple. Let stand half an hour, strain and add ice water to make six quarts of the mixture. Just before serving add a cup of maraschino cherries. Apollinaris water improves it.

Stringless Bean Salad.

Blend ½ teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of pepper, 2 tablespoons vinegar and 4 of olive or peanut oil. Pour this over 2 cups of cooked beans, cut in half-inch pieces, and dredge one quart of the mixture. Just before serving add a cup of maraschino cherries. Apollinaris water improves it.

Jellied Chicken.

To make this cut up a four-pound fowl and put in a stewpan with two slices of onion; cover with boiling water and cook slowly until the meat falls from bones. When half cooked add one-half tablespoon of salt. Remove the chicken from the stock when done and reduce the stock of boiling to three-fourths of a cup. Add one teaspoon of dissolved gelatin, place meat without skin or fat in a mold, pour around it the stock and cool to harden. Slice thin, and garnish with water-cress.

Does Anyone Want a Dancing Teacher? Try a Nice Little Cobra

Mme. Flore Revalles, of the Ballet Russe, Decided That Her Cleopatra Wasn't Quite Snaky Enough, So She Adopted a Cobra As a Teacher.

The Cobra Has Justified Her Trust In Reptilian Honor By Keeping His Deadly Fangs Quite To Himself While the Dancer Imitates Him.

MOST women hate snakes. In fact, snakes usually share first place with mice and centipedes in the lexicon of feminine aversions.

There is one woman who adores snakes, and she is not the beautiful snake charmer of the Biggest Show on Earth, either.

The woman is Flore Revalles, of the Ballet Russe, remembered here for her characterizations of Cleopatra and Zobeide. And Mme. Revalles has adopted a snake as a teacher.

Just as if her own version of the Queen of the Nile were not reptilian enough, she is taking lessons from a cobra (though to have been strictly historical it should have been an asp). The cobra, whose gentle nature all lovers of Kipling know from reading "The Jungle Books," was presented to the dancer by an admirer, who heard of her quest for a snake that would be "sound and kind, and stand without hitchin' and a lady can drive him as well as a man."

The snake, meanwhile, has taken kindly to his pedagogic duties. Not once has he elevated his hood—the danger signal of his tribe. Indeed, he can be pressed into service as a wrap at times, as the picture shows. Meanwhile Mme. Revalles writes daily in an assiduous effort to imitate her pet. And the pet wriggles obligingly in sinuous curves, a la Cleopatra.

Perfectly Proper.

She stood upon the step above me, Asking cooly, "Do you love me?" (Anything wrong in that?) "I've loved you long, I'll love you ever," I answered, "Till deceive you never!" (Anything wrong in that?)

She placed her hands upon my shoulder, Nestled closely while I told her— (Anything wrong in that?)

Her curls went wandering, wayward tresses, They minded not my warm caresses— (Anything wrong in that?)

The moonbeams lightly shimmered o'er her, Revealed her cheek—I stood before her— (Anything wrong in that?)

I caught her in my arms and—kissed her— (Anything wrong in that?)

The darling girl—why, she's my sister— (Anything wrong in that?)

—Macon Telegraph.

The Alphabetical Dots

By CLIFFORD LEON SHERMAN.



"Did any Mexicans ever come across the border?" Tommy asked his father one morning. "They certainly tried to," replied his father. "It was exciting enough to be on the border patrol and suddenly see a Mexican come out of the brush and try to get by. But the outpost would promptly arrest them and search them."

"Did they find any guns on them?" demanded Tommy. "Once in a while they did," replied his father, "but more often they found a—"

(To complete the picture draw a straight line from the dot marked A to the dot marked B, and so on through the alphabet.) (Copyright, 1916, by John M. Wheeler, Inc.)



MME. FLORE REVALLES, (Underwood & Underwood). With Her Pet Cobra Giving an Exhibition of Reptilian Good Manners. He Could be Trained Quite Easily to Serve as a Shoulder Scarf.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

By THE SHOPPER.

SUMPTUOUS indeed are some of the fall wraps. They are positively reckless in their use of material and fur, and the colors are some of the loveliest examples of the dyer's art.

The purples and greens are particularly beautiful. A great coat in heavy weave, in royal purple, is \$45. This has the broad cape collar so favored, and huge patch pockets and strapped cuffs. The price is cheap enough, considering the amount and quality of the material and the excellent tailoring.

Another clever coat is of heavy blue wool velour, with a deep cape collar and cuffs of nutria. The blue and soft brown combine beautifully. The price is \$35.

For \$25 is an original coat of wool plush in a leaf green that would be immensely becoming to those with clear skins.

The straight lines of the new evening gowns are almost unchangeable, a welcome relief from the clumsy, though picturesque, panniers of last winter. A dainty frock of cloth of silver and rose tulle, with silver trimmings, costs \$19.50.

Boots are going up in height and price, too. At one of the shops may be had shoes of excellent quality and the accepted high cut, in black, bronze, dark brown, and a dark, dull tan that is a welcome contrast to some loud brick hues foisted off in footwear. The price is \$3.85.

For the chronic bridge player, a bridge table is as much of a necessity as a score pad. And the score pad is an elusive thing, always turning over so that the figures are hidden from view. All in all, bridge is a prostrating game.

A kindly manufacturer, who must either play the game himself or hear about it at home, now offers a bridge table, leather covered, with a glass-covered drawer at two of the corners. The score pad is slipped into the drawer, and the score is visible at all times. When the score is completed after each game the pad does not have to be lifted from the drawer. The price of the table is \$17.50.

Telephones Main 5260 and ask for the Shopper if further information is desired regarding the shops offering these bargains.

Cause of Housemaid's Knee and How It Can Be Again Made Normal

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

IF you have a pain in your knee, you will more than likely hang it on that ever handy door knob, "rheumatism," and you let it go at that. You may not have "rheumatism." Your aching knee may be due to an "occupational disease." Your work may have made the half-moon gristle of your knee, called the semi-lunar cartilage of the knee joint, unstable and unfirm. This disability, according to Prof. Royal Whitman, of New York city, first classified as an internal derangement of the knee joint, is now recognized as due to a slight or serious displacement of the gristle on the inner side of the knee. This injury is rather common, especially among athletes and others engaged in sports.

The half-moon gristles are separated into two parts, loosely bound to the margin of the big shin bone. In health they are able to move about one-third of an inch. They become long and thin, when the leg is stretched, and short and thick when it is bent. They are half-moon in outline and inner side one to the right and one to the left of each knee.

Displacement of the one to the inner side is generally the result of twisting or rotation of the leg too often, too suddenly or too forcefully, when the shinbone is held stiffly. The injury occurs most often during violent exercise at tennis, swimming, golf, baseball, bowling, cricket, football, and other sports. Scrubwomen are often afflicted with this trouble which is sometimes called "housemaid's knee."

There is a sensation of sudden strain or of something giving way, followed by a feeling as if something has slipped within the joint. There is usually severe pain and immediate disability, the characteristic symptom of which is inability to stretch the leg fully. Occasionally the gristle slips back into place, but it is then more often manipulation by a doctor may end the trouble at once and forever. The way to push it into its original position is to place the sufferer on his back and bend the knee and the thigh to the abdomen. Then draw the shin-bone to the side of the upper leg bone and twist it outward and inward—to the right and left—as the leg is pulled or stretched.

The Chaperon

By THE CHAPERON.

Dear Chaperon: I have been keeping company with a young man for eight months. I had every reason to think he loves me and I love him dearly. He always enjoyed my company, and we usually had some agreeable interest to tell each other whenever he called.

He stopped coming to see me without reason. Do you think he should act this way? AGNES.

THE same old heart-breaking story that comes up again and again; the same dull question from a woman who cannot forget. Yet what can I say that will make the trouble any easier to bear?

I might write several columns of my opinion on this subject, but they would not be of any help to you, nor would they affect the situation in general.

May Only Seek Chum. Sometimes I believe that women are more to blame than they know for the breaking up of a friendship like this. It is possible that a man is trying to be a chum, without any thought of sentiment. Then the woman, true to her type, expects it. The man, disappointed, resumes his quest for the ideal companion once more.

After a time I receive a distressed letter complaining that "he seemed to love me." Believe me, my dear Agnes, a man's idea of love and a woman's are different, indeed. She tries to interpret a little speech or act as conveying a message of affection he does not intend.

Care of Mattresses. If you wish to make bed mattresses last many years, make unbleached muslin covers for them and tie up with tape the corners of a washable bag, and this saves the mattress and insures the sleeper of a clean cover as well as a clean mattress.

His Favorite Jewel. He—I saw a splendid diamond today! She—Oh, George—did you buy it? He—Buy it! Why, no; I'm speaking of the new ball grounds.—San Francisco Chronicle.

W. & J. SLOANE

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Answers to Health Questions

8. A.—Do you know anything about a Swedish book on "The Ductless Glands," by A. J. Jensen?
3. Has it been translated?
3. If not, can you tell me the main facts in it?
This book was published last year in Stockholm. I have it in my library.
5. It is a volume of 320 pages based upon fifty patients with anomalous growth and development. They are treated with more or less success by means of thyroid, pituitary and other gland extracts. Space forbids a more detailed account.

M. S.—Is it possible with weak feet and flat feet to have lumbar "rheumatism"? I also have pain between the shoulder blades.
Lumbar, backache, shoulder pains, and the like, as well as pain on the inner side of the knee, are all caused at times by weak arches and foot strain. Flat feet and fallen arches are sources of many such symptoms.

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AMUSEMENTS

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